

THE AMADOR LEDGER

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1906.

Five Cents Per Copy.

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Atorneys at Law—
Stoll Building, SACRAMENTO, CAL.
Special attention given to applications for
United States Mineral Patents and Land and
Mining litigation.

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Attorney-at-Law

JACKSON, CAL.

Will practice in all courts of the State.

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Diseases of women and children a specialty.
Office hours—12 to 2 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

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Office hours—12 to 2 and 7 to 8:30 p. m.

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Physician and Surgeon

Formerly of Roosevelt Hospital and Vander-

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Office and residence opposite the Methodist
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SUTTER CREEK, CAL.

Office hours—12 to 2 and 7 to 8:30 p. m.

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Phone No. Calls promptly answered.

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Mee in Kay building. Hours from 9 a. m. to
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Office hours—From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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BAKERY.....

SUTTER CREEK, CAL.

BEST—FAMILY—GROCERIES

French and American Bread, Pies,
Cakes, Cookies, etc.Wagon visits Saturday on Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday of each week.

Sept 25

College of Notre Dame

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

Boarding and Day School conducted by the Sis-
ters of Notre Dame (Namur). Founded in 1856the curriculum embraces all the branches of
a solid English education. Preparatory and
advanced courses in art, language and music.For further information address
SISTER SUPERIOR.

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Cosmopolitan Liquor Store

JACKSON GATE, CAL.

Dealers and Jobbers in foreign and domestic

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

SELECTED stock of Imported Goods. Choice
California Wines, popular brands, Eastern
and Domestic Beers; special bottling.

Havana, Key West and New York Cigars.

Bourbon, Rye, Sweet and Sour Mash Whiskies
of celebrated distilleries.

THE

A. Vander Naillen School

(ESTABLISHED 1864)

Of Practical, Civil, Mining, Electrical and Me-
chanical Engineering, Surveying, Architec-
ture, Drawing, Assaying, Cyanding and Metal-
lurgy complete.

113 Fulton Street, San Francisco.

Send for illustrated catalogue, free.

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THE AMADOR LEDGER

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R. WEBB - - - Editor and Manager

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1906

Ledger Roll of Honor.

The following sums have been received on ledger subscription account since our last report. This acknowledgement is equal to a receipt for the amount named. If any persons have paid more, the amount still due the name will appear on the list they will please notify this office, so that correction may be made.

R. Love \$2.50

H. C. Rohr 2.50

J. D. Brown 2.50

Mrs. A. Greenwood 2.50

J. Bremer 2.50

Mrs. R. Adams 2.50

Jos. Schlesinger 2.50

J. McHugh 2.50

O. L. Webster 2.50

W. H. Sharp 2.50

D. Maggard 2.50

W. G. Gandy 2.50

H. A. F. 2.50

F. Uhliger 2.50

Jos. Glavinovich 2.50

M. G. Glavinovich 2.50

A. C. Glavinovich 2.50

Geo. L. Glavinovich 2.50

G. F. Glavinovich 2.50

C. O. Glavinovich 2.50

J. E. Glavinovich 2.50

L. J. Glavinovich 2.50

F. W. Ruhser 2.50

M. E. Glavinovich 2.50

L. J. Glavinovich 2.50

L. J.

EASTER.

EASTER EGG DYES,
All Kinds and Colors,
5c. per Package.

CITY PHARMACY,

F. W. RUHSE.

Jackson, Cal.

Additional Locals.

Call and see the immense new stock at Pete Piccardo's.

E. Marre went to San Francisco Monday morning.

Dan Morgan, who has been traveling freight and passenger agent for the Southern Pacific at Reno, Nev., has been appointed traveling and passenger agent under John C. Stone, of the Sacramento traffic district. This district includes the southern mines. L. H. Rodebaugh is the traveling passenger agent, and was in town Saturday.

Will Green arrived in Jackson Sunday evening, after a protracted absence.

Under the management of Steve Ferreri a few men are widening and filling in the road between the Scottsville saloon and the Fuller residence, after which they intend putting on gravel, which will put it in a good condition.

Jackson Lodge of I. O. O. F. at their last meeting elected two delegates to the grand lodge, which meets on the 8th of May in San Francisco. The delegates are W. C. Smith and J. M. Parsons.

Pay your taxes, before the last Monday in April, and thereby avoid the penalty for delinquency.

At the regular meeting of Excelsior Parlor No. 31, N. S. G. W. held last Wednesday, eleven members were initiated as follows: Clarence Bradshaw, John E. Thomas, Jas. L. Fontenrose, August Grillo, Frank H. Furenze, Louis S. Raggio, Marie G. Spinetti, Joseph J. Raggio, Antone Perano, Ross Moon, and Chas. Green. There were a number of visiting members from Sutter Creek, and other places. A banquet was served after the official exercises.

West Moore, who has been subject to rheumatism for some time, left for Byron Springs Sunday morning, to undergo a course of treatment.

Our price will not go higher, we are after the business, and we are going to it, if prices can bring it. Jackson Shoe Store.

Mirtha E. Odell, the slick female operator in wildcat mines and matrimonial bureau agent, who is under arrest in San Francisco on a charge of fraud preferred by one of her alleged victims, has recently married one of the main witnesses, thereby handicapping the prosecution as far as this witness is concerned, under the law which provides that a husband cannot be made to testify against his wife without his consent.

Rudolph J. Schneebeli of Sutter Creek and Miss Carrie B. Gilchrist of Ione, were married at the Jackson Methodist parsonage by Rev. C. E. Winning, on Tuesday afternoon. The wedding was a quiet affair attended only by the requisite witnesses. The young couple will make their home in Sutter Creek.

"Why do more women than men attend church?" Rev. C. E. Winning respectfully asks the readers, whether or not an attendant at the Methodist or any other church, to write out an answer to the above question and sign his name, as a token of sincerity, (the name will be confidential) and send or hand it to him before Sunday evening. At 7:30 Sunday evening he will discuss the problem of "The man and the church." All are welcome. Good music, seats free. Because of the death of Mrs. Duden, whose funeral will be held at 2 p. m., there will be no services at 11 a. m.

Finest of the lawn muslin for 9c a yard, best grade in the world. Jackson Shoe Store.

The school trustees are estimating the cost of putting in a sewerage system from the school house to connect with the Hamilton tract sewer.

Mrs. Ella Conlon has been appointed census marshal for this school term, commencing April 1, 1906, and ending April 1, 1907.

Remember, the last Monday in April, the 30th, the second instalment of state and county taxes becomes delinquent. If not paid on or before that date five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

What do you think of buying the best grade of percales for 9 cents, regular 10 cent goods. Jackson Shoe Store.

Get the weak spots in your old garments at Pete Piccardo's.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer is the best.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pascoe, of the Toll House on Kennedy grade, died on Wednesday of this week and was buried in the Jackson cemetery Thursday afternoon, Rev. C. E. Winning officiating. The little one was not yet three months old, and never having been very strong, its death was not unexpected.

Monday, April 30, is the last day for the payment of the second instalment of taxes.

OLDEST CITIZEN IN CALIFORNIA.
Jacob Van Netter, Over the Century mark, Passes away.

On Tuesday evening, shortly before six o'clock there passed from earthly scenes Jacob Van Netter, the oldest resident, as far as we have been able to ascertain, in California. His lifetime spans over a century. He sank gently to his last sleep at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. Richtmyer, in Jackson as above stated. A stroke of paralysis, which attacked him three days before the end, and which rendered him totally blind, and oblivious of all surroundings, was the direct cause of death.

The passing of this remarkable example of longevity is deserving of some extended notice. Jacob Van Netter was born in Lowell, New York, February 25, 1804. His parents were of Dutch extraction. At the time of his death he was therefore 102 years, one month and 9 days old. He was a painter by trade, and followed this business for many years during the first half of his life. In 1863, when nearly 60 years old, he started for California, crossing the plains accompanied by his wife and two daughters, and G. M. Blair, his son-in-law. After staying some time he returned to the east with his wife, the latter dying in 1886, in Delavan, Wisconsin. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Richtmyer made a visit to his home in Wisconsin, and on her return brought her father with her, for the purpose of making his home with her in Jackson. He made three trips across the continent since that time, in May 1888, returning in September following; and again in May, 1889, and did not return until the spring of 1890. His last trip to Wisconsin was in 1893, when he was nearly 90 years of age, and he traveled unattended, which fact alone testifies to the remarkable preservation of the mental and physical forces in this wonderful man. For nearly twenty years he lived with his daughter, Mrs. Richtmyer in Jackson. One notable feature is that he retained his eyesight, with very little impairment, almost to the last. He never used spectacles or eye glasses, and yet he could read ordinary newspaper print without any artificial aid. His distant sight was equally keen. He could recognize persons passing along the street as quickly as one not half his age.

For a year or more he was not able to move around much outside his home, although up to within four months of the end, he could walk about the premises with ease. His memory was retentive and clear up to the time of an accident which befell him last fall, when he sustained a fall, striking his head against a book case. In youthful years such a mishap would be a trifle, but for this centenarian it was a serious blow. He failed in mind and body rapidly from that time. Three days before death he was seized with a stroke of paralysis, which robbed him of his sight, and also sealed his mental faculties. He was of a kindly disposition, honored and loved by all his relatives, and respected by all his acquaintances.

Deceased was a man of steady habits, and temperate in all things. To his simple and even mode of living is no doubt largely attributable his unusual span of life. It was no particular disease that snapped the silver cord at last. The wheels of life came to a standstill from sheer exhaustion; the vital machinery was worn out. Such a termination could not be otherwise than painless and peaceful. From his protracted earthly home he passed quietly to his longer home in the grave.

So fades the summer cloud away, So sinks the breeze when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave along the shore.

The funeral took place yesterday afternoon. Short services were held at the residence, Rev. C. E. Winning officiating. And from there the cortège moved directly to the Protestant cemetery, where the remains were deposited in the Richtmyer family plot.

He was not identified with any fraternal organization. His two daughters, Mrs. Richtmyer and Mrs. Blair, with a granddaughter, Mrs. Depew, were the chief mourners, followed by a long procession of citizens generally.

The following acted as pall bearers: B. F. Taylor, R. Webb, W. P. Peek, A. Caminetti, W. M. Penry, and F. M. Whitmore.

Besides Mrs. Richtmyer, he leaves two daughters Mrs. G. M. Blair of Jackson, and Mrs. H. M. Marion, of San Francisco, also a son, James C. Van Netter of Wisconsin.

25 cents off on our entire stock of new shirt waists, eight days' sale. Jackson Shoe Store.

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Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer is the best.

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The great Norris and Rowe circus will be here Monday. Two performances. It is expected that not less than 7000 people will witness this great affair. The county has been thoroughly advertised for a distance of twenty miles around.

B. R. Breeze came up from the city last evening, summoned hither because of the fatal turn in the sickness of his sister, Mrs. Duden.

Pioneer flour always has been and still is the best.

TRADE MARK
Levi Strauss & Co's
overalls
made from
selected materials

Money in Treasury.

By the re-appearance of treasurer Grinton in his office, after three months' absence on account of sickness, the supervisors were able to make a count of the funds in the county treasury last Monday. The amount and kind of money found therein at that date was as follows:

Gold	\$ 3465.00
Silver	4551.19
Currency	3266.00
Checks	87.50
Bills	100.66
Warrants uncancelled	35003.73
Deposit Bank of Amador Co.	18000.00
Total	\$64474.08

License Collections.

The county physician reports for the following licensees sold in the county for the quarter ending April 1.

65 retail liquor in towns	\$ 975.00
24 " " wayside	172.50
9 wholesale liquor	67.00
9 merchandise	\$ 7.50
2 " 5.00	10.00
4 " 3.50	14.00
15 " 2.50	37.50
31 " 1.50	46.50
5 wagon peddlers	6.00
13 pack peddlers	45.50
2 banker, broker, etc.	20.00
5 propagation-station	75.00
1 telephone	30.00
2 halls	10.00
2 water	25.00
2 gas-electricity	100.00
5 nickname-in-the-slot machines	25.00
Amount collected	\$1800.00
Amount paid treasury	1625.40
Commissions	180.60

Growth Strong Again.

Nothing will relieve indigestion that is not a thorough digestant. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, and allows the stomach to rest—recuperate—grow strong again. A few doses of Kodol after meals will soon restore the stomach and digestive organs to a full performance of their functions naturally. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Insane Commitment.

Mrs. Phoebe Rickert, resident of Sutter Creek, aged 76 and a native of New York, was adjudged insane, after examination, on Tuesday last. It developed that she was before in an institution in Livermore for two months. Present attack began several years ago, gradually getting worse. Her mania is restlessness, violence, and homicidal in character. Witnesses examined, Jackson Dennis of Sutter Creek, a son-in-law, and Wilford Dennis, Sheriff Norman took her to the Stockton asylum Wednesday.

Mrs. Wilson had a serious hemorrhage Tuesday night, and was not expected to live till morning, but rallied and hopes are held for his recovery. Mrs. Wilson is improving steadily.

Chris Hansen, driver for Podesta and O'Neil is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. A nurse has been provided for him by the Odd Fellows Lodge.

Jas. J. Wright, city clerk, is on the road to recovery from his spell of sickness, and although still confined to his room, will soon be mingling with the people on the street again.

The Ledoux Case.

H. Crocker returned from his Stockton, as counsel for Mrs. Emma Le. McVicar, last Saturday, daughter of A. N. Mrs. Head, mother in company with others, reports having of the accused. H. Crocker, the defense in the case and refused to tip his hand to anyone in outlining the defense. He has associated with him as assistant counsel, H. K. McNoble, a bright lawyer of Stockton. These two attorneys will manage the defense without additional help.

The furniture purchased by McVicar and Mrs. Ledoux, ostensibly to set up housekeeping in Jamestown, but afterwards ordered shipped to E. Ledoux at Martells, arrived at the railroad depot last week. The husband of the accused woman secured the shipping receipt for the goods from C. H. Crocker on Monday, and secured the furniture. There is no question raised as to his right in the premises. They were regularly consigned to him.

Keystone.—C. R. Downs superintendent and B. I. Hoxie, foreman, resigned their positions at this mine at Amador City. The resignations took effect on the 1st instant. The reasons for this we have not heard.

Bunker Hill.—This mine continues to look up well as a gold producer. It is currently reported that the clean-up last month for the twenty stamps amounted to over \$1300. The company think of doubling the capacity of the mill, and, for this purpose a reserve fund is being accumulated in the treasury.

MINING NOTES.

Zeila.—The volume of water seeping into the works has proved very troublesome for the past two weeks. The increase of water is the result of the heavy rains, as nearly all the water that falls finds its way to the underground works. Some of the men had to be laid off temporarily owing to the impossibility of handling the water and hoisting rock sufficient to keep the mill in motion. The mill started up Monday morning, with the full complement of stamps.

Guich.—The ten stamp mill was started last week, and run for one day. The mill was not provided with concentrator. They attempted to concentrate the sulphur in boxes, but it was found that the most valuable of the sulphurites were being lost in the tailings. It was therefore decided to shut down, in order to put in two concentrators. A meeting of the directors was held this week, at the mine, a number of those largely interested came up from Stockton to attend.

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Hotel Arrivals.

Our silk shirt waist	\$5.00	for 3.75
" "	4.00	" 3.00
" "	3.50	" 2.65
" "	3.00	" 2.25
Fine white lawn waist	\$5.00	for 3.75
" "	4.00	" 3.00
" "	3.50	" 2.65
" "	3.00	" 2.25
" "	2.50	" 1.90
" "	2.00	" 1.50
" "	1.75	" 1.40
" "	1.50	" 1.10
" "	1.00	" .75
" "	.75	" .60
" "	.50	" .35

Watch this space
for next Saturday—
something for you
on that day.

JACKSON
SHOE STORE.

Notice to Creditors.
Estate of Louis Napoleon Martell deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Louis Napoleon Martell deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors, at the office of the Bank of America in the Market Hill, City of Jackson, Amador County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county of Amador.

Dated, February 15th, 1906.

DELIA BELLE MARTELL,
Executor of the last will and testa-
mented of Louis Napoleon Martell deceased.

Chas. H. Crocker, Attorney for
Executor, Jackson Cal.

FOR CITY CLERK.

L. J. GLAVINOVICH

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

OF SACRAMENTO.

Corner Fourth and J Sts.

Paid depositors for the year 1904-5, 4 per cent on TERM DEPOSITS, 3 per cent on ORDINARY DEPOSITS

Accepts deposits in sums from ONE DOLLAR and upward.

Guaranteed Capital \$410,000
Paid Up Capital and Reserve 350,500
Assets 2,000,500

Send Draft, P. O. Order, or Wells-Fargo Order and we will send pass book.

Money to Loan on Real Estate

WM. BECKMAN, PRES.
Geo. W. Lorenz, Cashier.

BANK OF AMADOR COUNTY

Incorporated November, 1895

Capital Stock : : : \$50,000

President Alfonso Giacchino
Vice-President S. G. Spagnoli
Secretary and Cashier Frederick Eudey

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Alfonso Giacchino, S. G. Spagnoli, John Strohm, Frederick Eudey and Alex Eudey of Jackson.

SAFETY DEPOSITS—Safe deposit boxes can be had at the bank. Small charge. Cost at the small expense of 35 cents a month, and occurring to you again any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your property.

SAV MONEY—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and up to 25 per cent. Don't let the cost of mailing to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations of foreign exchange.

SAV MONEY—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man on the road to success must have a good financial standing. Don't bury your money; when you die it can't be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

VANDERPOOL
THE HARNESS MAKER
Plymouth, Cal.

Can Make or Repair your
HARNESS in an up-to-date workmanlike manner.
He carries all kind of Harness and supplies in the line. Also, Buggies, Carriages & Carts Carriage Trimming a specialty. J. A. Kepell's Recipe For Health.

Meeting me in a bitter east wind one day in Pleasanton to my way to church, Kepell asked how Mr. Gladstone was. I told him he was very ill. "Ah," he said, "he is overnursed. If he would do as I do, climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day and sleep with his window always open, he would never be ill."—Memoir of Sir Henry Kepell.

Reason for this ignorance is found in the fact that no satisfactory remains of the dead Aztecs have been found. These people were cremationists, and they probably buried household effects with the dead, leaving little or nothing for the scientist to build a theory upon. Frequently a party of explorers in the valleys of Arizona will come upon sealed jars of burned bone dust.

Mr. Brakes—Who is that sour looking dame over there? Mr. Grubbs—Sir, she has the misfortune to be my wife. Mr. Brakes—Oh—ah—er—indeed, sir, the misfortune is—er—all yours, I'm sure—Cleveland Leader.

One ORDER TO ONE FAMILY

Many people ask how we can sell goods in combination. We can't. We can't. Every day we put up a certain number of each combination. We have no trouble or worry, every item is put up without waste of time, we can't have human combinations, time we can wait on a few people. Besides we deal for cash only. Buy few Cash—Sell for Cash.

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Magazine Section.

RESCUED THE ALAMO.

AMOUS TEXAN STRONGHOLD SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION BY A WOMAN.

Miss Clara Driscoll Prevents Catastrophe—Alamo Was the Scene of the Most Terrific Flight of Early Days of Texas.

Through the command of a considerable sum of money a Texas woman has been enabled to save to her native state and to the United States one of the most noted relics of Texan and Mexican War times. The historical Alamo, an old fort, originally a monastery, and the scene of one of the most thrilling incidents of the Mexican War, was about to be sold, and the ground utilized in the erection of modern hotel.

The lesson taught by the handful of Americans who held the Alamo rather than surrender, appealed so strongly

Miss Clara Driscoll, a successful author of magazine stories, that she made an offer of sixty thousand dollars for the property and it was accepted. In speaking of this purchase Miss Driscoll said that if the Alamo, a monument to the heroism of Texans, had been destroyed it would have made it impossible for her to live the state, devoted as she is to it. Almost immediately after the historical came into her hands the people of Texas woke up to the situation. A bill was passed by the state legislature authorizing the purchase of the property from her and at the same time pointing her honorary custodian of Alamo.

For some time Miss Driscoll has been writing short stories concerning as Mexico life, her first book

of liberty. Already famous were the pioneer scouts and warriors who entrenched themselves in that redoubt, and yet more, famous and glorious became their memory after the sanguinary and unequal fight. Men were they, heroes and intrepid characters, surrounded by a vast horde of savage Mexicans, with many an old score to settle; yet not one thought of surrender apparently entered their souls. The last of them was killed by Mexican bullets; but not until they had made a fearful accounting among the swarming hosts of the enemy. The tragic story of the Alamo will go down in history as one of the greatest of battles, and Texas and the Nation owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the woman who has saved its crumbling walls and turrets.

Will See Snakes.

Serpent rings, broaches, bangles and necklaces are to be the fashion in the big cities this season, dealers having already received many orders for jewelry of a "snaky" description.

One lady is having made a belt in the form of a gold rattlesnake and at a recent New York ball one of the guests wore a coronet composed of jeweled snakes.

It is intimated that the new fashion will develop and that ladies will study the art of snake charming, deserting their toy dogs for pet reptiles.

Plan For Salvation of Louisville.

Some days ago the postmaster at Louisville, Kentucky, received a communication from a man in Rutland, Vermont, who, having learned, he said, of the wickedness in Louisville, and desiring to do missionary work there, wanted a list of the unsaved men and women of that town. Postmaster Baker, it is stated, forwarded a city di-

OLD CLERKS REDUCED.

BLOW ABOUT TO FALL UPON VETEREN MEN OF THE GOV- ERMENT DEPARTMENTS.

Congress Preparing to Cut Salaries and Discharge Older Employees Who Have Spent Best Years of Life in Serving Uncle Sam.

The blow, which the older government clerks at Washington have for sometime feared, is about to fall, and if the House of Representatives follows its apparent intention, the clerks of 65 years old and over, will have their pay cut from 25 to 50 percent.

The investigation carried on by the Appropriation Committee, shows that over \$2,000,000 is annually paid to clerks over 65 years of age, and that if the plan proposed is carried out, over 75 percent of these will be reduced. This will mean that many faithful employees of the government, who have grown old in the service of their country, will suddenly find their incomes cut nearly in half.

It is often stated that the average government job is an easy one, with short hours and good pay, so that there is something of a disinclination throughout the country to feel or express much sympathy for the government clerk who is reduced, or perhaps, dismissed for any reason. As a matter of fact, however, these positions in Washington, are most trying and unprofitable (unless we except a few cases, in which the work is technical, with the possibility of leading to better things outside in the commercial world), and after a few years of service, leave the incumbent without the capability of making his way in business, if suddenly thrown upon his own resources.

Most of the government bureaus are large offices, where a clerk may be engaged for years in a single line of work, his knowledge and experience, although narrow and circumscribed, thus becoming valuable to the government. In the meantime, his salary has been barely commensurate with his living expenses, and although some of the government employees with thrifty wives may have been able to buy a modest home, the proportion of these is not large.

Then, after twenty years of confining and uninspiring labor, comes his discharge, and he finds himself completely out of touch with all former business knowledge and relations, unable to earn as much in a new line of life as could his recently graduated son. This would mean that the man who has entered government service in middle life, and through meritorious effort and faithful endeavor has worked up to a salary of \$1600 or \$1800, would in his ripe years and experience, be thrown out on the world, like an old horse, who has served his master faithfully but has lost the vigorous step and stylish action of a younger animal. Had this man been connected with a big commercial house for those twenty years, his business associates would delight to honor him with the increased salary due to his experience and wisdom, which had done so much toward building up the structure of their worldly interests.

The sentiment has been freely expressed upon the floor of the House, however, that it is not believed that a majority of its members will favor any drastic measure of cutting down the income of faithful clerks. One plan discussed by the House Committee, embraces a provision that when any employee shall have reached the age of 70 years, he shall be immediately dismissed.

While \$1,000 might appear to be a reasonable living in the smaller towns, in Washington, where expenses are so heavy, it is a small sum for a man of family. Old and honored government employees, from the administration of Washington down, have resigned or died in the nation's service, but Congress in its wisdom, in these days of unwanted national prosperity, seems to be pursuing extraordinary methods to increase the efficiency of the service and to reduce the federal expenditures!

Against the subject, the Washington Post says: What a kind and beneficent government it would be that would cut a faithful servant, who had served it for years, and who is as efficient a clerk now as he was ten years ago, because he has reached the age of sixty-five! What an inducement to faithful service! What a splendid example of the "merit system." But it probably serves a man right for reaching the age of sixty-five, and being still vigorous and faithful and capable in the public service.

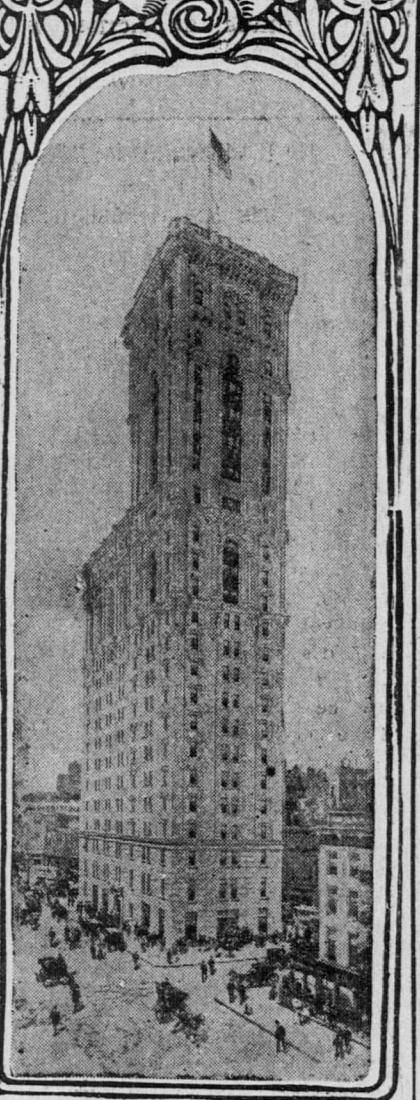
The Speaker of the House, the honorable Joseph G. Cannon, who will be seventy years old on the 7th of May next, should see to it that his friends on the Appropriation Committee take a back track on this Ostlerish proposition. If the provision should not be stricken out in the House the twenty-six Senators who are over sixty-five, and the three others who will be sixty-five before this year is out ought to be able to give it a quietus in the Senate.

Various are the reasons given for the placing of the two buttons on the back of a man's coat. One is that they are a survival of buttons which were used on the eighteenth century riding coat. The coat tails were thus buttoned up when the rider was on horseback.

Tallest Skyscraper Yet.

It is announced that the Singer Manufacturing company has filed plans for a structure which will be higher than any existing New York city skyscraper.

er by from 200 to 300 feet, and will be about 40 feet higher than the Washington monument. It is to be built at the north-west corner of Broadway and Liberty street, with a tower of 40 stories, which will rise to the height of 594 feet. The tower will be 65 feet square for 36 stories, and will be surrounded by a dome containing four additional stories, above which will be a



TIMES BUILDING.
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cupola and—if that isn't high enough a flagstaff.

The highest building in New York today is the Times Building, including the three stories which are below New York's pavement.

Restore Life After Death.

Claim That Victims of Electric Chair Can Be Brought Back to Life.

To be able to restore life after electrocution is the claim of J. M. Berger, an expert electrician, who states that by his method a person electrocuted at one of our prisons, and pronounced dead by the attending physicians, may be restored to life. His only requirements are that he be allowed to take the body within fifteen minutes after life is pronounced extinct and that the brains be not baked or the lungs carbonized.

Mr. Berger states that he, himself, received more volts than are supposed to be necessary to kill a man and that he knows of cases where as high as 3000 and 4000 volts have gone through men's bodies and they have been restored to life and health.

He cites as an illustration, the case of Joseph Averell, a Baltimore lineman, who was caught in an alternating current of 3000 voltage and thrown from a pole to the middle of the street. He was removed at once to the city hospital and emergency treatment was quickly applied. Both of his hands were burned to a crisp and his skull was almost fractured by the fall to the street, but he recovered.

Mr. Berger's method is very simple and one that he claims may be followed by any person who is cool-headed and not likely to become excited. He lays the victim of electrocution on his back with a rolled coat or blanket under his shoulders so that the head is allowed to fall backwards. The operator should kneel behind the head of the patient, facing him, grasp the elbows and draw them well over the head, so as to bring them almost together above and hold them there for two or three seconds.

He should then carry the elbows down to the sides and front of the chest, firmly compressing it by throwing his weight upon the elbows.

After two or three seconds, the arms should be carried above the head and the same maneuver should be repeated at the rate of fifteen or sixteen times a minute. The operators must remember that the manipulation must be conducted with methodical deliberation, just as described, and never hurriedly or half heartedly. In addition to this, the tongue must be drawn out to free the throat. A cloth should be used in holding the tongue so it will not slip. It must be drawn out when the arms are held above the head and allowed to recede when the chest is compressed.

In the seventeenth century button holes were a matter of ornament more than of use. They were carefully cut, and "laid around" with gay colors, embroidered with silver and gold thread, bound with kid and velvet.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century breeches were worn skin tight. A gentleman ordering a pair is said to have told his tailor: "If I can get into them I won't pay for them."

The English, Irish and Scotch shipyards last year built a tonnage of new ships of 1,744,402 tons, or double the entire American ocean tonnage.

ON THE OKLAWAHA.

MOST PICTURESQUE OF AMERI- CAN RIVERS—PALMS AND ORANGE GROVES.

Further Descriptions of a Delightful Trip From St. Augustine Through the Lake Region of Florida—Hanging Spanish Moss.

A word more before I leave the beautiful city of St. Augustine in Sunny Florida, although the whole of our visit was not made as a matter of fact in sunshine. We went into the old Cathedral with its three bells "all in a row," and one smaller bell hanging above, one of these being the oldest bell in the United States. We also visited three of the principal churches in the city—the pretty Episcopal, the unique Methodist, and the beautiful Presbyterian church, the last a memorial built by Mr. Flagler for his only daughter. Fort Marion, one of the sights of St. Augustine is an old Spanish fort, deserted, but kept in repair for visitors. We climbed the famous stairway to the ramparts where the view of bay, harbor, town and ocean is so fine, stood in the sentinel towers on the four corners of the Fort and almost imagined I could see the enemy approaching.

To me the quaint old streets of the town where most fascinating; there are no sidewalks, and one has to hug the walls in order not to be run over; second story verandas are not uncommon and one can easily shake hands with his neighbor on the opposite veranda or balcony. One of the very oldest houses is built of coquina; a natural shell conglomerate, and has a gable roof covered with moss, from which has sprung a growth of bright green, ten inches high.

At night it is an interesting sight to saunter through these narrow picturesque streets, lined on each side with shops, where the curiosity seeker could find alligators stuffed in every size, from the little ones, just coming out of their shells, to the great big fellows that made you shudder, they looked so life-like. Hundreds of pretty things in palmetto, shells, etc. were also exhibited. All of this we saw in the rain and mist—some of the time under an umbrella, at other times too interested to remember that it rained.

Deep Blue Skies.

On the last day which we spent in St. Augustine, the sun came out, the air was warm and balmy, the sky azure blue, without a cloud, and I had my heart's desire of seeing St. Augustine bathed in winter sun shine. Carriages were being driven everywhere, sidewalks were crowded, the hotel courts and the plaza, and even the hotels themselves looked so beautiful I wished I might be a part of it all for a month. We sat in the Casino, watching the bathers in the large marble swimming pool, and listening to the music by the Marine Band. The scene was gay with flags and banners of all nations while the crowd kept coming and going like a kaleidoscope picture. After dinner we

the beach. I never saw such sand, so fine and white. An old sea captain from Nassau had just landed his schooner at the wharf so we paid him a visit, bought some pretty pieces of coral, and were treated to Cuban bananas and my husband to black cigars as well. The Captain had some superb tortoise shells. While he is on his trips, his young wife keeps a little shop and sells the treasures of the sea, with which he keeps her richly supplied.

Good-Bye To Old St. Augustine. The next morning, after four days visit, we had to say good-bye to this fascinating old city. It contains so much—the superb hotels with their wealth of beauty and luxuriant courts filled with tropical vegetation, the churches, the fort, the quaint old streets, the shops, the bay, the sea, the beautiful blue of sky and ocean, the sunshine—ah me, it makes a picture I shall never forget, a dream that has at last been realized.

The next morning we rode by train for an hour through the pine woods to Palatka, there boarding the little steamer Osceola—which was to take us 25 miles through the St. John's River and 101 miles up the Oklawaha—the Indian name for "Crooked Water." Such a funny little tub is the Osceola. It is about 50 feet long by 22 feet wide. Fortunately we had telegraphed for room states, as the boat was so crowded that many passengers had to hang on hooks. Our room was on the top deck, and so spacious that only one of us could get into it at a time.

The Fascinating Oklawaha.

The St. John's is quiet and monotonous, but the beauty of the Oklawaha is extremely fascinating—a narrow river without banks, constantly turning at right angles with itself, the great tall cypress trees full of waving Spanish moss, growing directly out of the water, which is of inky blackness. Now and then, but rarely, the river being very crooked, there is a short vista through these weird looking trees, with their branches reaching out toward Heaven, and the Spanish moss swaying gracefully back and forth in the breeze. The surface of the water was covered with lily pads, "bonnets" the captain called them, but it was too early in the season for the lilies. Now and then the steamer stopped at a lonely wharf to take on wood, and on the upper deck at dusk, pine torches were lighted which burned all night, faintly illuminating each side of the river, and creating most fantastic shapes and shadows. About 8 o'clock in the evening, we heard the whistle of the down boat, and the pilot moored us in a part of the river wide enough for her to pass. It was a beautiful sight as we watched her lights, while she twisted and curved her way toward us, passing within a few inches of the Osceola, the flame of her pine knots casting weird shadows about us and the darkies on board singing as with cheers and hurrahs she slipped out of sight.

Weird Southern Melodies.

As we glided on through this strange scene, our own darkies sang their

The Steamer
Osceola Loading
Some Oranges
on the
Oklawaha.



took the little ferry boat across the bay, to Anastasia Island and then the cars to the lighthouse and South Beach, where we sat on the sand watching the Atlantic waves as they rolled up on

weird melodies, and it hardly seemed as if we were living in this twentieth century. At one o'clock in the morning we passed through the narrowest part

(Continued on next page.)



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of the river—22 feet wide—just the width of the steamer, and the scraping and scratching of the branches on either side awoke me. We stepped out on deck, and saw the most wonderful sight of all, "The Gates" as it is called. Here the stream is so narrow that the branches of the great cypress meet overhead, and the gray Spanish moss hangs down like a long delicate veil. It all seemed very uncanny, as if the witches were after us, with gurgling water and the disturbed birds screaming and crying like lost children.

The next morning when we left the Oklawaha and passed into the Silver Spring, the water suddenly became as clear as if cut off with a knife. Immense gar-fish and cat-fish swam about in shoals. A large hawk perched on an old dead trunk, and a great blue heron winged his stately way, slowly over our heads. We soon landed and with regret bade good-bye to our pleasant fellow travelers. We reached Eustis at half past five for it had taken all day to make 70 miles.

At Eustis we spent nearly two weeks, surrounded by lakes and pine woods.



A BY-WAY OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Each day we drove through the deep sand, the horse just walking; but it was lovely, lazing along after this fashion, through pine woods, tall straight trees with a sheaf of leaves at the top, and always the gray moss swinging gracefully in the breeze.

Mattresses Of Moss.

This Florida moss, by the way, is not moss at all, but a kind of minute pineapples, and it seems that both it and the pineapples are true air plants. There is no underbrush in these Florida pine woods except now and then patches of scrub palmetto, which looks like the ordinary ornamental fan palm that we cultivate for ornament in the north, except that it never grows high nor has any trunk.

Coming over a little rise we would perhaps look down on a pretty lake, its banks lined with orange groves. Every drive we took showed us several new lakes so that this seems well named the Lake Region of the state.

Colonel T— has a beautiful home among the pines, and there I plucked my first orange and grape fruit, my first lime and lemon. There, also, I saw the fragrant blossom, the green orange and the ripe, yellow fruit, all growing on one tree. One of the finest groves we visited contained 1,000 trees, covered with oranges, while many of the trees were full of bloom. These bride's flowers look like white wax stars among the rich, dark, varnished leaves, and the trees met overhead, forming arches under which we drove—one of the most attractive sights imaginable. We pulled all the fruit and blossoms we wanted. It is a fascinating experience to stand under a large orange or grapefruit tree, and look up through the branches, the leaves so rich and green, with golden globes hanging from them, their weight sometimes bending the branches to the ground, and all this wealth of verdure growing out of white sand.

Picnicing Among The Oranges.

On the first day of March we drove to the young grove in which my husband and son were interested, there picnicing in the pine woods alongside and sucking oranges by the dozen. This reminds me that when oranges are ripe—and the season is six months long—you never take a water bottle with you when you go driving through Florida.

The mornings and evenings have been cool enough for a little fire, but the days are like those of our northern June. We saw bananas growing, and the long purplish blossom is very odd. The fruit grows exactly upside down.

Eustis Park is a pretty place; just a drive through pine woods almost clothed in Spanish moss. They bury this moss in the sand to rot off the outside, the inside fiber making a good substitute for hair which is used in the manufacture of mattresses. There are several factories, I am told, in the State which make fine mattresses out of this moss. In the Park the gray squirrels chase each other up and down the branches, and we counted 14 in less than two minutes. The blue herons fly continually back and forth, and the little ponds through the park are full of white water lilies. Next week I will tell you about a real southern darky baptism.

C. G. G.

An ancient gentleman telling of Alexandria in Washington's day, announced that breeches were hung on hooks and the wearer donned them by going up three steps and then letting his person down into them from above. Such breeches hooks can be seen at the present time in the Roberdean home in Alexandria.

An old lady has recalled that the first boots for women's wear came in fashion in 1828. They were laced at the sides and gaiters and boots both had fringes at the top.

In the new uniform recently adopted by the Chinese army the only badge distinguishing a general from a private is one of three gold buttons on a sleeve.

Permanganate of potash is being successfully used in India as an antidote for the bite and venom of the dreaded cobra.

Gold coins usually remain in circulation twice as long as copper ones.

Whether it will be possible to frame

LEASING PUBLIC LANDS.

DANGER TO THE HOMESTEAD IN ATTEMPTS TO PROVIDE LIVE STOCK GRAZING.

Measures Pending in Congress to Allow Stockmen to Fence and Graze—Difficulty Lies in Protecting Rights of Settlers.

There is a strong movement afoot, and several bills have been introduced in this Congress to provide a system of renting or leasing the public grazing lands of the West at a small charge from one to five cents per acre. There are some 300,000,000 acres of western public lands which come under the general classification of "Grazing Lands," some of which are extremely barren in character—almost desert—and are capable of sustaining live stock at the rate of only about one head of cattle to 30 or 40 acres; other lands where there is more rainfall, are much better for grazing purposes, and some of the best of them are capable of sustaining a steer on probably 2, 3 or 5 acres. Many of the latter class are, however, suitable for homesteads.

The difficulty has always been, as it is today, to provide a rental plan which will give stock raisers a sufficient control of the land to warrant them in fencing it and improving its grazing capacity, at the same time leaving the conditions such that the settler and prospective homesteader will at all times have free access thereto.

Under the improved methods of farming advocated by the Department of Agriculture, and the new drought resisting crops which are being introduced by that Department, large tracts hitherto considered fit for nothing but grazing, are being constantly brought under the head of agricultural land.

The climatic conditions of the intermountain region are extremely varied, and the settler (where he is not hindered by stock growing interests which

a leasing bill which will give some protection to the overcrowded grazing lands and at the same time afford the honest settler an advantage at all times to establish a home, is considered to be a dubious question. Chairman Lacey's leasing bill does not seem to be much of an improvement upon the measures previously brought before Congress. Unless the small stockman and the homesteader, with 25 or 50 head of cattle or a band of 100 or 200 sheep, feels that he is to be protected, and not driven out of business by the big outfit, he will kill this bill as he has killed all such previous bills which have been presented.

Viewed from a broader standpoint the danger to the country lies in tying up under lease large areas of fertile country which are suitable for home-making under their present natural condition without irrigation, and which are gradually settled as further knowledge is gained of them, and better methods of farming them are introduced.

STARVATION SELDOM OCCURS.

Doctor Proves Theory That Terror More Frequently Causes Death.

Dr. Richard A. Terhune, dean of the physicians of Passaic, N. J., by whom he was always spoken of affectionately as "Doctor Dick" died at his home recently of intestinal cancer. He had not eaten anything for over a month, and to the last bantered his brother practitioners on the fact that he was a living example of his pet theory that no one would die of starvation if he had plenty of water to drink.

The aged physician, who was a stalwart man, became ill about seven months ago. He speedily diagnosed his ailment as intestinal cancer, and gave out a fatal prognosis of his own case.

All the Passaic physicians and scores

more from the neighboring town and cities called on him in the months of his illness, with many suggestions as to treatment, but he turned a deaf ear to all and only employed such pallia-

THE MAGIC STORY.

I was sitting alone in the cafe, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. While I dreamed and sipped, the door opened and closed, admitting—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent.

As I raised my eyes to his I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. He was not dressed differently, yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthy glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man, and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours."

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. Tomorrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

The Strange Story

"Yes," he continued, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certain. I mean to tell it to the whole world. This morning I was starving. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that had submitted. Then I found the story and read it."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

The waiter interrupted us at that moment, informing Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me about it."

His Friends All Hear It.

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is very remarkable. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. "It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips,—friends of mine,—you don't know them. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect upon me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. Excuse me a minute will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled,—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for an instant, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" in Cuba in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

(Continued on page 8).

A Fair Patent Attorney.

Miss Florence H. King of Chicago enjoys the distinction of being one of the few women patent attorneys registered in the Patent Office at Washington.

Fifteen years ago Miss King, then an ignorant country girl, earning her living as a domestic, chanced to overhear a quarrel between two families which was taken to court for settlement. Miss King was subpoenaed, as a witness, and among other undreamed of things which dawned upon her in the course of the trial the occupation of the court stenographer was the most interesting. After court adjourned she questioned the court stenographer on what he had been doing and his answers settled the vexing question of a profession for herself. She was not satisfied to remain a domestic; the more genteel employment of a school teacher, which her family had suggested, did not appeal to her. "I will become a court stenographer," she said. At this point in the story of her life Miss King said with a smile: "Having become court stenographer I wanted to become the court."

In May, 1895, Miss King was admitted to practice at the bar of Illinois. She specialized on patents, and soon relinquished court reporting to devote herself to her practice.

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The Law of the Frontier



From 'Graphic.'

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

CHAPTER II.

John Ogden turned his head; the muzzle of a Winchester carbine was within an inch of his neck, and the Sheriff's cruel eyes were behind it.

Ogden felt numb and nerveless. In a flash he saw the significance of the words; he was as a bird within striking distance of a rattle-snake.

"Walk out of this," said the Sheriff.

Ogden turned to the door, meeting the eager faces of a crowd of people who had heard the shot. The sheriff beckoned to two men.

"Take him to the casa, boys, and stay by him."

The promptness of action and lack of official ceremony in Western trials by jury is one of the features of frontier life. At eight o'clock in the morning John Ogden had been a free man—by noon he was on trial for his life.

The court-house was the largest room in the hotel, a convenient spot, for the judge was the hotel proprietor. John's trial lasted exactly two hours. Sheriff Lassiter, "our wor' v officer of law," as Judge Sanderbach explained to the eastern visitors assembled to enjoy the

servant, and general help at the post office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had ridden off to his brother and told him all. José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if he had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle fire he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The Judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room. Boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senor, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother. I will never forget—he took my hand. You," with a quaint pitying smile, "you, Senor Ed, are an American; you will not understand."

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said,

Long before this Ogden had recovered himself.

"It is a lie," he blurted out, in response to a bland and courteous question from the judge, "a foul lie from beginning to end."

"Do you say so, now?" echoed the Sheriff's attorney, the only lawyer in town. "That, I reckon, will be most interesting news to the jury. Please tell us why?"

The cowboy gave his account of the incident, and then the lawyer passed a very pleasant and profitable half-



TEN RIFLES WERE SWUNG TO SHOULDER.

hour in cross-examination, during which Ogden's previous assault upon the Sheriff was introduced into the case in a manner which completely ruined any chance of acquittal he might otherwise have had. Ultimately a verdict of "Guilty of murder" was given by the jury and sentence of death by hanging solemnly passed by the judge, the execution to take place at sunrise the next morning. The prisoner was then marched back to his cell—an empty shanty—the court adjourned for lunch, and those who had witnessed the trial went quietly home. Only one person felt at all uneasy. This was a Mr. Edward Clincher, the store-keeper and oldest resident in the town. The most shabbily dressed and insignificant of men in appearance, "Ed" Clincher was the richest man in the country; and his dollars had been accumulated by twenty years' hard work, endurance of much hardship, and constant danger to life and limb.

"A queer bit there," he muttered to himself as he stepped out of the hotel in the bright sunlight. "Burt is paying off scores for that pounding, wonder—well, well," shaking himself, "what does it matter to me? Hello, José Gallegos—"

A hand had been laid on his arm; and a brown face, now a sickly yellow with anxiety, was eagerly peering into his eyes.

"Oh, Señor Edwardo, me want to speak you bad. Ah, caramba! very, very bad."

The boy was mad with excitement, and Ed, a kindly man with Mexicans and especially with this one, soothed him like a child.

"There—there, little fool," he said in Spanish. "What's to do? Wait, now; don't try firing off like a pistol at half-cock. Come into the store and talk."

Jose yielded with a grimace, following Mr. Clincher to a capacious log and adobe building, and once inside, he poured forth in the most voluble of Spanish, a story that moved both Mr. Clincher and his wife, who listened with her husband, to exclamations of horror and indignation. It appeared that Jose's younger brother, Maximo, a lad of thirteen, had been cook, house-

"I will write," he said aloud. "Some

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—"

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame." John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed. Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Senor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senor, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother. I will never forget—he took my hand. You," with a quaint pitying smile, "you, Senor Ed, are an American; you will not understand."

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FIRST WOMAN BAILIFF.

Portland, Oregon has Appointed

Mrs. M. E. Daggett

The first woman bailiff ever appointed in Portland, Oregon, was recently sworn into office. She is Mrs. M. E. Daggett, who for the past three months has been engaged as a volunteer officer in the Portland Juvenile Court.



MRS. M. E. DAGGETT.

The entire life of Mrs. Daggett has been devoted to charity. She is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman and was born in Kentucky. When a young girl she went to Kansas with her parents and was in that state in the days when it was known as "Bleeding Kansas." Mrs. Daggett began her charitable work when quite young and frequently came to grief.

WOMEN RULERS OF INDIA.

Three Begums of Bhopal Who Have Been at Head of a Large Native State.

Among the interesting personages whom the Prince and Princess of Wales have met in the course of their tour through India, none presents a more engrossing study than the woman ruler of the State of Bhopal, Nawab Sultan Jehan, Begum, if the London accounts may be regarded as authentic. The Begum is a daughter and a granddaughter of a Begum, and between them these three women have ruled, for the past sixty years, the destinies of a state comprising nearly 7,000 square miles of territory and a population of a million people.

The mother of the present ruler descended from the famous Dost Mohamad Khan, the founder of the Bhopal dynasty. She succeeded to the throne in 1868, in which year she sent to Queen Victoria a quaint letter acknowledging her majesty's kindness in accepting the dedication of a book written by the Begum's mother, the enlightened Sikandar, describing her pilgrimage to Mecca.

The book in question is a picture record of an oriental journey, containing an appreciation of the characteristics of that place as seen and understood by an Indian lady. The Begum seems to have been particularly struck by the enormous quantities of food which the inhabitants of Mecca were able to consume. She records that they were in the habit of disposing of five or six pounds weight per hand per day.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it.

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly, to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not."

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

There was a low gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop—" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

Bhopal has always been one of the most friendly of the Indian States. So far back as 1778, when Gen. Goddard marched across India, Bhopal was the only Indian power which showed itself friendly. In 1818 the British Government formed an alliance with Bhopal, guaranteeing to the Nawab the possession of the State.

More Liberty for Women.

The Shah Jehan Begum, the daughter of Sikandar, succeeded in 1868 and proved a most worthy follower of her mother. She threw aside the restrictions of the "purdah," which imposed the strictest seclusion upon Indian women, and was always accessible, conducting business on her own initiative with the greatest vigor. M. Louis Rousselet, a French explorer, thus describes a meeting he had with her many years ago.

"I had an appointment with Her Highness," he wrote, "and so I called at the palace, which is full of European treasures and luxuries. In the room into which I was ushered sat a little girl whom I took to be the daughter of one of the court nobles, and was

on the point of addressing her, when she rose and with a very stately inclination of her head said: 'I am the Shah Jehan,' at the same time extending a tiny hand covered with jewels. When I had somewhat recovered from my confusion I noticed that, although of diminutive stature, she had a very handsome, intellectual face. She wore close fitting pantaloons of gold brocade, embroidered jacket and a muslin toque."

The present Begum still keeps up the restriction of the "purdah." When she was presented to the Prince of Wales at Indore, she was crowned with gold, her face veiled behind a burka of light blue and her figure draped in blue of a deeper shade.

The reign of women in Bhopal is likely to cease with the death of the present Begum, for she has two sons and a daughter, and the heir-apparent is the oldest son.

THE MAGIC STORY.

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you, and 'stand for' you just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-night owl man, "he came here one night, about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place on Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third street. Come and see me."

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Again the Wonderful Story. I started to walk homeward, fingered the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplated the certainty of riding down town in the morning. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant, but it was not recorded. Then I remembered the cafe in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was in a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant and motioned to me to join them. There was no chance for the story, however. Half a dozen men were around the table and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked one of the party; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story, it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has somehow failed to hear the magic story, although I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. Sit down here and you shall have it."

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, demanding his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad," said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrap-book, bound in rawhide. Read that and wait for me until I return."

Reading the Story at Last.

With that he went out, and I lost no time in taking advantage of the permission he had given me.

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, homemade affair. I found the story curiously printed. It was quaint and strange.

In reproducing the contents of the book the peculiarities of type, spelling etc., are eliminated, but in other respects it remains unchanged.

We know that you want to read Part Two of this unique story which contains the wonderful manuscript discovered by Sturtevant. The complete story, bound in silk cloth, with fine vignette illustration as front piece, beautifully printed on a fine quality of paper, will be sent to you absolutely free, postage prepaid, if you will send one dollar for a year's subscription to Success Magazine, or, if you are already a subscriber, your subscription will be extended one year. Address The Success Company, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

Note.—The Magic Story as related is not magic, but while an intensely interesting narrative of a "Success" is simply one of the most comprehensive and uplifting pieces of advice ever presented to struggling mankind. It breathes action and determination to succeed—a living example of the words of the indomitable Richelieu, that there is no such word as fail. President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" was recounted in this story a hundred years. It awakens enthusiasm, it urges and compels. It is, too, a most enchanting tale.

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